The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

KILBURN

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A Puzzle.

Do tell me the reason, grandmamma, dear,
For truly I want to know —
Why some of the weeks in the long, long years,
So slowly and wearily go —

While some run so fast, it seems that they fly,
And soon they are far, far away,
For they won't stop a minute in hurrying by,
Though I beg and beseech them to stay?

The days in a week and the hours in a day
I learned in my lesson at school;
But they change all about in the funniest way,
And I don't half believe in the rule.

Oh! do you remember last year at Aunt Sue's,
What a splendid vacation we had?
Oh, dear! if papa ever would let us choose
Where to go, Dick and I would be glad?

Such dear downy chickens the yellow hen hatched,
The very day after we came,
And then there were two yellow kittens that matched,
So we two could have just the same.

What lots of blueberries grew on the hillside —
More than dozens of people could pick!
And one day I went off on a long, long ride
With just Uncle Henry and Dick.

Our house in the rocks was the finest affair,
With such cosy hollows to sit;
And Dick was so good all the time we were there,
I don't think he teased me one bit!

But then it was so little while we could stay,
We hadn't a minute to waste;
I do think if vacatiens so long must delay
They needn't be gone in such haste!

I'm sure the weeks now are at least twice as long—
For nothing but studying, too—
I don't know whether grown-up folks think it's all wrong,
But I say it's real mean—that I do!

But you can tell anything, grandma, I know
So I thought I'd just ask you to-day,
For I've puzzled my head thinking over it so,
And I can't make it out any way.

The Struggle.

WHAT school boy does not understand the charm of Saturday noon! At any rate the boys of Mr. Rush's school did as they poured out into the glad June sunshine, with shouts of delight.

"We're going fishing down at Kennell's Pond, Harry, Ned, Commodore, Perry—come on — be ready at two o'clock, at Miller's Corner; lunch in your pocket and tackles in your hand! I'll lead the way. Old Kennell knows me!"

"All right! We'll be on hand," responded a score of voices. "Where's the Commodore? Perry, won't you go?"

"Don't think I can, Fred. The trouble is, I promised to do something this afternoon."

"Fiddlesticks! it's Saturday afternoon, you chicken! Never ought to have promised anything — seeing you have, get out of it the best way you can. Can't get on without you, Commodore!"

"All right. I'll see about it," and Herbert Perry turned the corner and thus thought within himself, as he slowly walked toward home:

"Now, one thing is certain, I told grandpa I d help him, this afternoon—dear me, how pleasant it is—wonder how many fish they'll get. Grandpa will expect me, and I know mother will say I ought to deny myself; but then she'd like some broiled perch for supper, anyhow. I offered my services to grandpa, and I can do as I choose

about it. Pshaw! I mean to go to the pond and make it up to grandpa some other time," and Herbert hastened his step, whistling "Kingdom Coming," as if he had settled the question quite to his satisfaction.

"The boys are going fishing this afternoon, mother. Wouldn't you enjoy a fresh perch for supper, just out the water?"

"That might depend upon circumstances, my son. Do you propose catching it yourself?"

"Why, yes,—if you have it—they want me to go."

"Have you forgotten your engagement with your grandfather?"

"No; but I guess he can manage without me. I didn't know about the fishing excursion when I promised."

"He quite depends upon your coming up. He is very busy, and wants to pick forty quarts of strawberries this afternoon; but, of course, it's your half-holiday, and you can dispose of it as you like."

Herbert pocketed his fish-hooks, took several rather nervous, objectless turns about the house, and then went out. His mother called from an open window,

"Herbert, don't break any rules this afternoon!"

"Why, mother, I'm not going to school."

"Oh, I know it. I was thinking of the Golden Rule—it's so brittle. Good-by."

"Now, what shall I do?" thought Herbert. "Twenty minutes of two! Pond or the farm? fish or strawberries? good time or dull time? self or grandpa? wrong or right?" Yes, it was fast narrowing down to this distinction. "Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't a conscience, and I'd go with the boys; but it pricks me if I so much as think of a fish. Now, I'm at a stand. Which street? pond or farm? fish or strawberries?"

Somehow the steps turned up to the farm, and a brisk walk brought Herbert to Strawberry Hiil.

"Been waiting long for me, Grandpa? I'm pretty late."

"No, no! time enough, you can pick fast enough to make up. Strawberries are prime today, but it's powerful hot in the sun."

Herbert's nimble fingers did good execution that afternoon, and at six o'clock, the fortieth quart was ready. Thomas was despatched to market with the tempting baskets, for the Saturday night customers, and Herbert and his grandfather walked to the house.

"Here's a basket for your supper, Herbert, and Hannah will give you some cream to go with them. Couldn't have got through without you. You're my right hand man when I'm in a tight place."

Herbert had it just on his lips to tell him about the fishing party, but suddenly checked himself, resolving not to spoil his sacrifice by letting his grandpa know how much he had given up. He felt repaid a moment later, when his grandfather said,

"Next Saturday, my boy, the berries will be plenty, and I want you to invite six or eight of your best friends to spend the afternoon at the farm. You can have a table in the grove and all the berries and cream you want."

Herbert went home with a light heart, having quite forgotten the pond. On Elm Square, he met his Sunday School teacher, and suddenly recalled her last Sunday's explanation of the verse, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"I wonder if I've done that," thought Herbert—"fulfilled the law of Christ?"

The table was most invitingly spread when he reached home, and his mother assured him, with glowing face, that strawberries and cream were vastly more to her taste than broiled perch would have been.

There were no thorns in Herbert's pillow that night. He had fulfilled the law of Christ and kept the Golden Rule, too.—*The Young Pilgrim.*

Janet's Cotton Gown.

WHEN little Janet went out to service, her mother gave her a new cotton gown.

It was the best gown she could have. It washed well and wore well.

Little Janet never knew a word about where it came from till a long time after.

Then her mistress gave her a book with the whole story written down in it.

It was called the Story of a Cotton Gown.

Now, the cotton gown seemed to come from that nice shop in the market-place with plate glass windows.

But in reality it came rom quite another place.

It came from over the seas.

How many things come to us from over the seas!

What was it like when it came?

It was not like Janet's cotton gown, that is very certain.

It was like a number of threads and fibres all matted together as if they had been pressed.

And so they had.

The fibres were in the seed-pod of a plant. A great many seed-pods had to be emptied to make one cotton gown.

And a great many people had to be set to work.

When the cotton gets to England, the fibres are spread out and sorted, and all the stray seeds are picked out. This is done very quickly by a machine. A boy opens a door in the machine, and puts in an armful of cotton. Then he shuts the door for a few minutes. The cotton is caught by some iron teeth, and worked about. All the seeds fall through a sieve to the bottom of the machine.

Then the boy opens the door, takes out the cotton, and puts in some more.

Sometimes the cotton is blown upon by another machine a little like a fan.

Then it is carded in a machine a little like a comb and brush. This makes the cotton straight and smooth, and ready to be spun.

Once people used to spin it in a spinning-wheel, but that is done away with now.

It is spun in a machine, and then it is thread.

It is made up into great skeins called hanks, or else wound on bobbins.

It has a little coating given to it of glue or paste to make it stronger.

Then it has to be woven into cloth.

People can do all sorts of things now-a-days.

Patterns of flowers, or lines, or spots can be printed on the cloth, in fast colors that will not come out.

Janet's cotton gown was a very neat one, and had spots all over it.

What with sorting, and carding, and spinning, and weaving, thousands and thousands of people have been working as hard as they can.

Cotton gowns made in England are flying all over the world.

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.—1 John iii. 18.

No sinful word, or deed of wrong,
No thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

Jimmie's Letter to his Father.

Perhaps you didn't expect me
To write you a letter so soon;
But much has happened, dear father,
Since I left you yesterday noon.

Well, I walked all the way from the depot—
It gave grandma a surprise
When I suddenly stood in the door-way—
O, didn't she open her eyes!

She gave me such a nice luncheon!
'Twas better than Christmas at home—
Cold chicken, and jelly, and pudding,
And the whitest of white honeycomb.

And then she put on her bonnet,
And showed me the funniest sight—
A little white "banta" with ducklings,
And she in a terrible fright,

For the ducks had found a brooklet
Just below the rocky-glen fall,
And were swimming in joyous freedom,
Unheeding their stepmother's call.

But we hurried on to the wood-lot;
O, father, the berries were thick!
And we filled her pail and my basket,
As a soldier would say, "double-quick."

Then we went across by the pasture,
And saw such a dear little calf,
"White as the foam of the breakers"—
Now you needn't begin to laugh,

Because of my far-fetched figure,
For the whitest of white sea-foam
Could never begin with Snowflake—
I wish I could bring her home.

Next, I went down into the meadow
Where grandpa is making his hay,
And he called out: "What city youngster
Pays me a visit to-day?"

"O, grandpa!" I said, "don't you know me?
I'm John's boy. I've come all ths way
Alone, from my home in Cleveland,
With you a whole month to stay."

So he taught me to rake in the meadow,
And I helped him to load the hay,
And had such a ride when 'twas loaded,
I tell you 'twas better than play.

I just think my grandma is splendid,
With her cap-border stuck up so high—
Every wrinkle seems to be smiling,
And she steps round so funny and spry.

She's handsomer, far, than Jenny,
With her ruffles, and bows, and curls;
I tell you while I've got a grandma,
I never shall care for the girls.

But my eyes are getting so sleepy,
I keep winking to see the pen,
So I'll tell you about the trout brook
Next week, when I write again.

Grandpa has just taken the Bible,
Grandma has folded her hands;
Good-night, and a kiss for dear mamma—
After prayers I'm off for dreamland.

Getting the Apple.

"HOLD your apron, little Katy,
While I knock the apple down,
And look out, Master Benny,
That it doesn't hit your crown.
Once, twice,—it sticks on well,
Don't you wish you had it, Bell?"

I will have it, soon you'll see,
We'll divide it, girls, with Ben;
Just a quarter each will have—
There I almost hit it then!
There it is, the stick has brought it,
Katy's apron now has caught it!

For the Myrtle.

A Day in the Woods.

THE two girls agreed to go into the woods for a day, and to have Katy and the little cart and drive themselves. Clara wanted to get ferns and mosses, and plants for her hanging baskets, and Jane wanted just to have "a good time" and eat their lunch under the trees. So one clear bright morning they started. Clara put into the cart a spade, a trowel and a basket, and Jane a basket of provisions, a can of milk and a box of fruit, not forgetting a bag of oats for Katy.

"And now we are all ready, jump in, Clara."

So Clara mounted to the seat, Jane got up after her and gathered up the reins, for she was to be the driver.

"Good bye, mother, good bye, Robert, and James, and grandmarm, and all; if we are not home by five o'clock you can sound the dinner horn."

"'Twas just lovely," the girls said as they drove along.

"Now," said Jane, "in the first place let's drive round the pond and see if we can get some lilies."

"Some lilies? oh, Jane, that would be splendid, but I don't see how we can get them."

"You'll see," s id Jane, for Clara was Jane's visitor just at present, and Jane was doing her best to entertain her.

So they drove around the pond, and sure enough the lilies were in bloom, white and beautiful, seeming to float on the water like white birds.

Jane drove down to the water's edge.

"Whoa, Katy," said she, and the horse stopped, and the girls got down from the cart.

"Wait a minute," said Jane, and then she suddenly disappeared.

"Now where has she gone, I wonder," said Clara. She peered through the trees after her, and saw a little boat tied to a wharf. "Now if we could have this boat and somebody to row us," she said aloud.

"And so we can," said Jane; "here we are, Mr. Simons and I."

Mr. Simons, who was the owner of the boat, helped the girls in and pushed off from the shore.

What a nice row they had! the water was as smooth as glass, and the trees growing down to the water's edge, so that when the sun was too hot they rowed into the shade and were screened from its rays. Then the lilies! the best of all—they gathered as many as they could carry, and Clara thought that of all beautiful things gathering water lilies exceeded all others.

After they had rowed to their heart's content, Jane said:

"Now, Mr. Simons, if you please, we will go back, for we have got a good deal to do."

"Just as you please, Miss," and he rowed them to the shore.

They found Katy and the cart safe where they had left them. They put the precious lilies in a shady corner and mounted again.

"Now," said Jane, "we will go to the woods," and to the woods they went.

It was a long ride and it was near noon when they got there. They lett the horse under the shade of a tree and started for a ramble, taking their spade, trowel and basket. They filled their basket with ferns, mosses, and all kinds of queer things, for did you ever go into the woods and not find all kinds of wonderful things?

"Such lovely moss!" said Clara, "and such ferns! O Jane, won't they be beautiful in my fernery this winter? Please won't you dig up this large one, for you are more used to it than I am."

"Certainly," said Jane, "give me the spade and I will take it up tenderly, so it will never know it."

So she put the spade deep into the ground on all sides of the root at some distance from it, and the plant came up whole and sound.

"There it is, and I don't think it has waked up at all; if you can get it home safe under your glass there's no doubt but it will live."

It was hard work to get their basket lifted into the cart.

"I wish," said Clara, "we had brought a big boy along to help us."

"Oh, I am as hungry as a bear," said Jane, and she took out the luncheon basket. "I am going to get dinner, but first I will give Katy her dinner."

So she took out the oats and fed the horse and then they carried the luncheon basket under the shade of a tree, and Jane took out a table cloth, which she spread on the green grass. Then she placed the knives and forks, cold meat and bread, and a most wonderful pie, which made Clara's mouth water as she sat looking at Jane's preparations for dinner.

"Now this is a dinner fit for a king," said Jane.

And the girls eat their meal with a great relish, for they were very hungry, and as they eat they chatted of many things, too many for me to tell you in this one paper. And when the meal was ended they packed up their things in the basket, and spread out their waterproofs and shawls and lay down on the soft ground.

It was very calm and quiet there; the soft breeze just rustled the leaves of the trees over their heads, and the little brook at their feet made a gentle murmuring, and it wasn't long before they were both asleep. They slept some time and there is no knowing how much longer they might have slept had they not been awakened by the sound of thunder. They started to their eet at once. Clara was very much alarmed.

"Oh, Jane, see how dark it is and what fearful thunder; what will we do?"

Jane caught up the basket and hurried to the cart.

"We will put on our waterproofs, for it will rain soon; it is lucky we brought them and I have got an umbrella under the seat. Now we will get in and start for home, for although I know it will rain soon, it is best to be as near home as possible."

Jane was so calm that Clara took some courage. But it grew darker and darker, and the thunder rolled fearfully, and the lightning flashed.

"Aint you afraid, Jane?" said Clara.

"I don't know," said Jane, "as I particularly enjoy it, but I'm not going to be frightened if I can help it, and we must try and make the best of it."

But Clara had hard work to keep the tears back. How lonely they two seemed; there was not a house in sight. How she wished they were safe at home once more — she would never go into the woods again alone. Much as she thought of flowers and ferns and lilies, she would have given them all to be safe at home. And the clouds grew blacker and blacker, and now— yes, now she felt a drop of rain fall on her nose; yes, another on her forehead; yes, they are coming faster and faster, and now it pours! Jane urged on the horse to the best of her ability, but Katy was old and slow. They cowered together under the umbrella. It seemed as if it never rained harder, the road was like a torrent! The water dripped from their umbrella in streams, and the bottom of the cart was a puddle of water so that their feet were nearly soaked.

"Goodness, Clara, how your teeth chatter!" said Jane. "Don't be frightened, it's nothing but a shower; it will be over soon."

"But the thunder, Jane!"

"Well, 'tisn't so bad as it was, it is farther off. Just down here the road goes through the willows; it will be sheltered there and we will stop till it holds up."

"Oh, Jane, how courageous you are."

"Make the best of it; that's what mother always says."

They soon got to the willows, and here they were somewhat protected from the storm, and here they waited, and pretty soon Jane cried out,

"See, Clara, there is a light streak."

Clara brightened up, and began to think they might reach home again.

"But won't they be worried about us at home?" said Jane. "Robert will say, 'There, I told you it wasn't fit for girls to go off into the woods alone.' Don't let on, Clara, that we were scared, will you?"

"'Tis very good of you to say *we*, Jane, but I think I was the only one that was a coward."

Jane laughed and shook her head.

"Were you really frightened, Jane?"

"I think I was some, but I said, 'Jane, don't you be afraid, because you've got to get home some way.' So Jane kept up a good heart and I think she did pretty well. But now, Katy, I guess you might as well be going, it doesn't rain enough to do you any harm."

So Katy trotted out through the willows into the open road.

It wasn't such a dreadful ride the rest of the way, after all, for the sun came out after a while, and when they reached home the whole family were at the door to greet them. There was grandmother in cap and spectacles at the window, and there was the mother, anxious and worried, and Robert, laughing and grinning.

"Ah, girls, you look like two drowned rats; don't you wish you hadn't gone, and didn't you have a nice time?"

And there was James, two years older, who came and helped them out, and carried them in his arms and set them on the doorstep beside the anxious mother, who looked them all over to assure herself that they were not much damaged.

Robert ran down to the cart and brought in the baskets, and rummaged among their contents.

"Empty dishes, bits of bread, pieces of pie in this basket, and here a lot of weeds and bushes."

"Oh, my ferns," cried Clara. "Robert, pray be careful!"

"What a mess of things girls always bring home when they go into the woods," said Robert disdainfully. "And what have we here? water lilies! Where did you get them?"

"Went out rowing for them," said Jane.

"I guess so; more like you bought them."

"No, Robert Mason," said Jane, "we did not buy them; we rowed out for them and gathered them ourselves."

"Waded out for them more likely; your feet look like it."

"Yes, girls," said the mother, "go up stairs and put on dry clothes."

"Well, 'twasn't so bad after all," said Jane, when they got up stairs. "We got what we went for; ferns and mosses, and a good time."

"Then you think it was a good time?"

"Why, yes, on the whole. It wasn't so nice while we were in it, that is, the shower; but now it is over it will be something to talk about it, and on the whole, it is worth going through with just for that. I guess your ferns and mosses will live. We had a splendid row and the lilies are lovely, and the lunch was gay under the trees, and, yes, *I* think we had a pretty good time."

N. T. M.

Children at Church.

YOUNG children may often be more interested in the public worship services of the Sabbath than older ones are aware. A sweet little girl of seven years has just passed away. She was a member of one of the youngest classes in the Second Universalist Sunday School in Lowell, She was much attached to her class and teacher. and was always interested in her lessons. She was also fond of attending the church service in the morning. When asked by her parents one day why she wanted to go to church in the morning, as they thought she could not understand what the minister said in his sermon, she replied, "I do understand what the minister says;" and the next Sunday, after her return home, she gave quite a clear statement of some parts of the discourse. Children ought to be encouraged to go to the church service as well as to the Sunday School.

For the Myrtle.

The Child and the Bird.

SING me a song, little bird,
Sing me a song, I pray;
Sing me a song as sweet and long
As is this summer day.

Sing me of fair sunny lands,
Sing of the sky so blue;
Of dreamy forests' tangled wild
Where live your mate and you.

And in yonr song, little bird,
Sing of the mountains high,
That seem to lift their hoary heads
To look up in the sky.

Sing of the bright summer blooms,
Sing of the waters free,
Sing of the God who made all things
And loves both you and me.

M. C. Schouler.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CV.

THE BETRAYAL OF JESUS ARRANGED.

"Now is my soul troubled."

SCRIPTURE. — Math. xxvi. 1–16. Mark xiv. 1–11. Luke xxii. 1–6.

Question. — After Jesus had finished his predictions of the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the Jewish state, what did he say to his disciples?

Answer. — Math. xxvi. 2.

Q. — What did the chief priests and scribes and elders meet at the high priest's dwelling for?

A. — Math. xxvi. 4.

Q. — Why would they not have him arrested on the feast day?

A. — Math. xxvi. 5.

Q. — Where was Jesus during this time?

A. — Math. xxvi. 6.

Q. — What did a woman do to Jesus as he was at table?

A. — Mark xiv. 3.

Q. — What were the feelings of some of the disciples at this act?

A. — Mark xiv. 4.

Q. — Why were they indignant?

A. — Mark xiv. 5.

NOTE. Three hundred pence would not be far from fifty dollars.

Q. — What did Jesus say of this feeling of the disciples?

A. — Math. xxvi. 10.

Q. — What could they do to the poor at any time which they could not do to their Master?

A. — Mark xix. 7.

Q. — What did he say the woman had done?

A. — Math. xxvi. 12.

NOTE. We must remember that the disciples had not yet seen that Jesus was to die They had no idea of the terrible suffering which he clearly foresaw.

Q. — Who left the company at this time?

A. — Math. xxvi. 14.

Q. — To what meeting did he go?

A. — Math. xxvi. 14.

Q. — What question did he ask the meeting?

A. — Math. xxvi. 15.

Q. — How much money did they promise him?

A. — Math. xxvi 17.

NOTE. If the pieces of silver were shekels, as they seem to have been, they would amount to about fifteen dollars,

Q. — In what manner did Judas seek to betray his Master?

A. — Mark xiv. 11.

NOTE. He wished to do it at a time and in a manner not to attract the people. In this he succeeded. The woman's love and generosity stand in contrast with the meanness and deceit of Judas. He became the worst opposer of Jesus.

Enigma.

P is next to godliness
In the Christian graces;
S, perfection just before
The apostle places.

A, in foolish, wicked hearts
Only finds a dwelling;
L, the spirit's fairest fruit,
All the rest excelling.

M is blessed and to him
Mercy shall be given;
S shall all be done away
In the bliss of heaven.

Questions.

What was the name of the ancient king who threatened to cast Mt. Athos into the sea?

Whose bones were burned at Jabesh?

What class of mechanics were once driven from the land of Israel by the Philistines?

Answer.

SEPT. 21. Othniel, Saul, Samuel, Solomon, Aaron.

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